

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 3.

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NO. 2.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

IN the engraving which we publish herewith you will see that a man has fallen to the ground. How frightened the people around him look! It seems as though something terrible had happened to him, or they would not be so startled.

Something fearful has happened. The men you see standing at the top of the steps are apostles of Jesus. They are Peter and the rest of the twelve.

After the crucifixion of Jesus great power was given to his apostles. He commanded them to tarry at Jerusalem until they should be endowed with that power. After they received that endowment great numbers of the people who were at

Jerusalem were convinced by their preaching, and joined the church. One day there were about three thousand baptized. Those who received the gospel were full of zeal and good works. There were some, probably, who did not feel as strong in the faith as others. But the most of them were of one heart and of one soul. They loved their brethren as much as they did themselves. They did not even look upon their houses or lands or property of any kind as their own. But they sold their lands and houses, and brought the means and laid it at the

apostles' feet. The apostles at first divided out the means unto every man according to his need. By taking this course none lacked for food or clothing. Afterwards they appointed bishops to attend to this business.

Among the rest who sold their possessions was one Ananias; his wife's name was Sapphira. He kept back part of the price of his place, and brought only a part and laid at the apostles' feet. He thought he could deceive the apostles, and make them think that he had given them the full amount for which he had sold his property. There are many in these days who think the same as Ananias did—that they can deceive the servants of God, their leaders. But Peter knew that he was lying. He asked him why Satan had filled his heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the

land. He told him that the place was his own; he had sold it himself because he wanted to do so. And still, after it was sold, the means was in his own hands. He asked him why he had conceived such a thing in his heart, and told him that he had not lied unto men, but unto God. When Ananias heard these words, he fell down and died. Then great fear fell upon all who heard these things. This is the scene the artist has endeavored to give in the engraving.

When they saw he was dead, the young men wrapped him up, and carried him out and buried him. While they were gone, his wife, Sapphira, came in. She had heard nothing

about what had happened to her husband. So when Peter asked her to tell him what they had sold the land for, she answered the same as Ananias had done. They had agreed beforehand what they should say. Peter then said to her: [Acts 5, 9. How is it, etc.] She also fell down and died, and the young men came in, and carried her out and buried her by her husband.

Ananias and Sapphira were dishonest, and because of this they did not have faith. They wanted to get salvation without paying much for it. They probably thought that by laying a part of the price

at the feet of the apostles, they would pass for as good saints as any of the rest, and still have some of their money left to themselves. This showed how little faith they had in the Lord and His servants.

Now, children, the lesson to be learned from this is never to try and deceive the Lord or His servants. Never be hypocrites; but be honest and truthful, and God will respect and love you. Ananias and Sapphira, made covenants with the Lord and his servants; but they broke them and lied to the Lord, and they were killed.

NEVER give up, though you have tried many times to do good, and failed by the influence of your enemies. Keep persevering, and trust in God.



Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XV.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

ABOUT six months after the circumstances related in my last visit, Mary and Ellen removed with papa and mamma to London, the great metropolis of England, which contains more than two million of inhabitants. One fine Sabbath afternoon, the girls were enjoying a walk with their parents, and while passing down a wide street, they saw over a door, a board, on which was written. "Latter-day Saints' Meeting Room."

"O papa," said Mary, "do let us visit this meeting and hear them preach."

Papa asked mamma if she would like to hear the Latter-day Saints. She replied that she had no objections; therefore, they resolved to go. They passed through a long passage, and entered into a spacious room, lighted by a long skylight on the roof. At one end was a raised stand, a desk with a crimson cushion on which was placed the Bible. Two or three elders were sitting on the stand. In front was a table, on which was something covered with a snow white cloth. There was a passage in the centre of the room, and on either side were ranged forms or benches for the congregation. A young man, the deacon, politely showed them into a seat. One of the Elders arose and gave out a hymn, and then they discovered a choir of singers on the right of the stand who arose to their feet and led the singing, but all sang, not the choir alone; they led, and all the congregation joined in the praises of the Lord in delightful harmony. The music of their sweet voices sounded melodiously on the air, and the hearts of all throbbed with gladness. The hymn finished, another elder engaged in prayer, and then they sang another hymn.

While they were singing the second hymn two of the elders arose, and removing the cloth from the table in front of the stand, discovered the preparations for the sacrament. They then took the bread and commenced to break it into small pieces. When they had finished singing, they asked a blessing on the bread, which was handed round to the congregation; but they passed the visitors. A blessing was then invoked on the contents of the cup, which contained water, and the sacrament was administered in remembrance of the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. One of the elders arose, and after a few remarks, he bore testimony his tidings were tidings of great joy to the honest and meek of the earth, to those who loved righteousness and waited for the salvation of God; for the Father of the spirits of all flesh had again spoken from the heavens, and had revealed the plan by which all mankind, who desired it, might come unto him and be saved. He testified that God had again communicated his will unto his children upon the earth, and that the gospel was indeed the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed.

He sat down, and another elder arose and testified that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God, that the dispensation of the fulness of times was ushered in, and that the mountain of the Lord's house would be established on the tops of the mountains in North America, and that the voice of the Spirit was to the nations of the earth: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

An elderly man, in the body of the hall, arose and praised God that he had heard the sound of the everlasting gospel, and testified that it was the joy and consolation of his declining years.

The choir commenced a hymn "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," the congregation joined, and seemed to sing with the Spirit and worshipped God in songs of joy.

Then arose a youth, who rejoiced that in his youth he had been privileged to hear and embrace the gospel, he prayed for strength to resist temptation, to keep the commandments, and hoped to become a valiant soldier for Christ. Then others arose, bore testimony to the gifts of healing, tongues and interpretation, and exhorted each other to faithfulness.

Papa and mamma were very interested; they had never attended a meeting anything like this. Mary and Ellen were very pleased with the singing and the peaceful influence that prevailed.

The presiding elder arose to dismiss the meeting, and intimated that Elder R., from Great Salt Lake City, would preach there that evening, and invited all to come and bring their friends. The congregation sung the doxology: "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," and a benediction was pronounced by one of the elders on the stand.

The girls were delighted to hear that Elder R. was to preach there in the evening, and entreated their parents to allow them to go to meeting. They obtained consent; for their parents had become deeply interested in the principles they had heard, and were pleased to have the opportunity of another conversation with Elder R. After tea they walked down to the meeting, which was full when they arrived there; but some young men manifested their good manners by making room for the strangers, and the youth who had testified in the afternoon politely handed them a hymn book. Papa opened it, and read on the title page: "Sacred hymns and Spiritual songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." The presiding elder arose, and gave out a hymn commencing: "An angel came down from the mansions of glory," which was sung with good effect. He then prayed an earnest, simple prayer for the blessing of God to attend the exertions of his servants to win souls to Christ.

To be Continued.

HOW SARDINES ARE CAUGHT.

BARTOLOMEO, the old sunburnt and white-haired fisherman, told us one evening, as we sat under his vine on the shore of Dalmatia, that he would take us with him the first opportunity he had, and show us how he had been catching sardines all his life. I had often eaten the little fish, and had many a time been very curious to know how they were caught. So I thanked old Bartolomeo for his kind offer, and gladly accepted his invitation.

A few evenings after that the Mediterranean was as calm as a looking-glass, and only a gentle wave now and then flowed over the smooth stones on the shore, which had been washed for ages by the heavy surf. Bartolomeo brought his little box of bluish-green worms, and told us that we would now push the boat off and begin our adventure for the night.

After we had got well out upon the water, we saw a large school of little transparent crabs, with yellow and black marks on their backs, crawling along near the surface of the water. They were very much frightened at us, and got out of our way as soon as possible. We saw a great many kinds of fish now and then, such as I had never seen before.

By and by we approached the shore near which we were

expecting to catch the sardines. One man stood in the after part of the boat and guided it. Old Bartolomeo leaned over the forward part and looked carefully down at the sponges on the bottom. If the motion of the boat disturbed the water a little, a few drops of oil calmed it again, so that he could see very well. He had a long fork with which he hooked up a great many nice sponges from the stones below. These were taken on board, and afterward proved a good speculation for the old fisherman.

We reached a place where there was a large number of other little boats collected, each one having five or six men in it. This was the place where the sardines were usually caught.

The boats were divided into little groups, each group consisting of three. On one boat there was a large gridiron, which was placed high up on the bow. There was a bright fire on the gridiron which one of the fishermen attended to alone, while another man looked carefully down into the water to see if he could find any sardines.

Now, the sardines are very fond of the light, just like the night-butterflies, which allow themselves to be attracted toward the light, and are therefore burned up by it. All the fishermen knew that if there were any sardines in the neighborhood they would see the fire-boat, and follow after it as rapidly as possible.

By and by the sardines came in sight, and they increased in number, until large schools of them were following the fire-boat. All the other boats followed gently after it behind the sardines, until it reached a narrow inlet. As quickly as possible the men in the boats stretched out a long net across the mouth of the inlet, so that when the sardines wished to get back into the sea again, they would be caught by the net.

All this took place very quietly. Not a single loud word was spoken. The boatmen carried on their conversation by signs as well as possible, and now and then they were heard praying to the different saints that their own efforts might prove successful.

After the fire-ship had gone far enough into the inlet, and the net was stretched well across it, quite a different scene was presented. A wild concert of the roughest and coarsest voices commenced. The same lips which had before been mute, or were only heard to offer quiet prayers to the saints, now broke forth in wild screaming and the harshest exclamations. This was a part of their usual proceeding. For not only did the loud noise serve to frighten the sardines back into the nets, but it was the way which the fishermen had of acknowledging the kindness of the saints in giving success to their undertakings.

When the sardines returned, they were caught in the long net in great numbers; and thus our adventure for the night came to an end.

There is another way of catching sardines—I mean by nets stretched out for the night and fastened by stakes. The nets have very little meshes, and the sardines, in swimming through them, are caught by them, so that they can neither get backward nor forward. In the morning the nets are visited by the fishermen, and if the dolphins and other fishes that like to feed upon the little fish have not been there before them, a great many sardines are caught.

When we turned our boat homeward, the fishermen sang their boat-song together, which could be heard far out over the water. Old Bartolomeo entertained us with a number of his remarkable adventures, and told us that he had been catching sardines that way for thirty years. "But," said he, with a sad expression upon his weather-beaten face, "catching sardines is now getting to be a very poor business. The miserable steam boats are frightening them nearly all away."

Now, see if you can find out on the map where Dalmatia is. But remember that sardines are caught not only on that coast, but on other parts of the shore of the great Mediterranean Sea.—*Selected.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

PUTNAM'S early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting," a cruel and useless custom. The hunts for nests were followed in company, and Putnam was always the leader.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest, which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. There was no way of reaching the nest, except by climbing (which was very difficult) and venturing out on the branch, which, nine chances to one, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture. Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence for some moments, and at length said:

"I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that can get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket, and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

His companions attempted to dissuade him, but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the king's strongholds," said Putnam, "and you see if I don't take it."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot upon it, and it creaked. He ventured a foot further; the limb bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. He put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout from below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished-for prize, and just as he cried, "I've got it," the limb broke clear off and he fell—but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower limbs, and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted heart, "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb, because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

"There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed:

"Jim Randall! there's a ball in your rifle."

"Yes."

"Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What! to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"Shoot! Better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. Shoot!"

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall! will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised, but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it. Drawing the nest from his pocket, he said:

"Here is the nest; I said I would have it, and I was determined no one should see me fail."

The same indomitable and daring spirit was displayed in his after life, in endeavoring to secure liberty for his country. His name is carved high and indelibly in the temple of Fame, with that of Washington, Warren, Stark, Allen, Prescott and Lafayette.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

JANUARY 15, 1868.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE are some children who learn with great ease. If they are taught reading, arithmetic, grammar, or any other branch of education, they have no trouble in mastering it. They have good memories, and seem to be gifted in obtaining knowledge. When a boy we knew several of this kind; but there was one boy in particular to whom it seemed to be no trouble to learn anything. He was an excellent reader, a fine penman, a very good grammarian, and he learned mathematics easily. In the languages scarcely one of his age equalled him, much less surpassed him. He wrote poetry, too, and he might have excelled as a poet, had he so chosen. In physical exercises—swimming, running, riding, etc.—few were his equals. He had brilliant talents, and might have been an exceedingly useful man. But he was not persevering and industrious. He would not study and apply himself; but relied upon his natural quickness in learning to carry him through. This was not so much the case in his boyhood, as it was after he grew up. The result was that many whose ability was inferior to his were more useful than he. They were diligent in their business and labors, and made up by their perseverance what they lacked in talent. He excelled in almost everything he took hold of; but his great talents were not brought into full play, because of his indolence. Duller men, who were plodding and persevering, could be depended upon, and were more serviceable than he.

It is not an advantage to a child to be bright and gifted, unless with his gifts he have energy, industry and perseverance. These latter qualities are of more value to himself and the world than any amount of genius without them. Think of this, children. We have heard children say: "I wish I was as smart as 'so and so.'" This is not a good wish. Those who have great talents, are apt to neglect industry and fall into indolent habits. Dull boys, who get but little credit for ability, frequently make men of powerful minds and clear understanding. They are industrious and will study. The powers of their minds are strengthened by the training which they give themselves. And it is with the mind as with the body; a well-disciplined mind, though not naturally so strong, can accomplish more than a much stronger mind, the discipline of which has been neglected.

UNDER date of January 6th, Bishop Bryan writes us from Nephi respecting affairs at that thriving settlement. He says:

"It is with pleasure that I inform you of our progress and prosperity in this part of the vineyard. We have a large and good Sunday school regularly held here. It is well supplied and attended by the children of the Saints.

The school is ably directed and taught by a good number of our best qualified elders, who take an interest in instructing the rising generation in the principles of the gospel.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has a welcome place in said school and is much appreciated therein."

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A RANter's CLASS MEETING.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

LITTLE GEORGE'S kind mistress spoke up for him nobly; and he was not ungrateful, but felt that he wished she was his mother, and he desired to love her more and more, and do all that she wished him to do, and to be a very good boy.

After the family had sat around the parlor fire for some time, the master told the kind mistress that she had better be preparing for the meeting, as it was near two o'clock. So she placed a small table in the middle of the floor, and fetched from the kitchen some more chairs, and arranged them all round the room close to each other. Then she took from the mantelpiece an ink stand with a pen in it, and placed it upon the table, she then took from a side cupboard a small book and laid it on the table beside the inkstand.

All was now ready for the meeting, and the master took a chair to sit upon beside the fire, and the new acquaintance sat next to him, and little George sat next to the new acquaintance. The kind mistress sat on the other side of the fire place, opposite to the master, and the chairs all round the room were soon filled with men and women, who had come in to attend meeting. In a little while a man came into the meeting dressed all in black, with a broad-brimmed hat on, a snow white neck cloth, and no shirt collar, with no beard on his face, and his hair combed evenly down to the middle of his forehead. He took the chair which was placed beside the table, leaned his head on the table and began to heave great sighs and groan. Little George thought that he had the belly ache.

Do you want to know what kind of a meeting this was?

Well, I will tell you; it was a Ranter's class meeting; and the man that was dressed all in black, with his hair combed down to the middle of his forehead was the class leader.

Little George had never attended a class meeting before, and wondered what they were going to do, and, with a child's curiosity, he watched every movement of everybody in the room, feeling quite interested in the meeting.

Now, I want you to know what kind of a meeting a Ranter's class meeting is, and I will tell you as nearly as I can remember, as little George saw it, and what he thought during the meeting.

The room was full of men and women; I should think that there were some fifteen or twenty persons present. The class leader now took a hymn book out of his pocket and gave out a hymn. Nearly all of the persons present had hymn books, and they all began to sing, standing upon their feet; and while they were singing, some of them would shout glory to God, and others would shout hallelujah, and the last two lines of the hymn they sang over three or four times, louder and louder every time.

After the singing was over, they all knelt down at their chairs, and the class leader knelt beside the little table, and he prayed first. When he commenced to pray, they all commenced to say something to themselves which little George could not hear at first. The class leader at the table soon began to pray very loud, and now and then gave the table a great rap with his hand, which fairly made the little table

tremble, and the inkstand with the pen in it, and the little book fairly dance and rattle again. Little George got into a state of excitement, and thought the class leader was mad at something or somebody, and was afraid he would break the kind mistress' table, and the more he shouted and beat the table, the more the people kneeling at the chairs shouted and beat the chairs. George could only understand that loud talking and banging the tables and chairs meant danger, for while he was a homeless boy in the streets of the big city, he had often seen men and women quarreling, and they shouted at each other, and often beat each other, and often broke windows and doors and furniture. Still, he had an idea they were praying, because they were upon their knees; but he had never seen or heard that kind of praying before, and he did not know what might come out of it. His curiosity was now worked up to the highest pitch, and he was half kneeling and half standing looking around, not knowing what would next take place, when the man next but one to George, shouted at the top of his voice:

"He's coming, He's coming."

Little George now stood straight up upon his feet to see who was coming, and did not know but that the front door, or the kitchen door would open and somebody would walk in. Just at that moment, the man who kneeled next to George clasped his arms across his breast, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"I've got him; thank God, I've got him; here, here."

Now, this almost frightened George, for he had not seen anybody come into the room, and he dropped down upon his knees again to see whom the man next to him had got.

All this was beyond the understanding of the simple-hearted, uneducated, ignorant boy. It was quite a different way of worshipping God to the quiet way which he had seen in the little chapel behind the dark walls of his poor-house home. He, however, did not know but that it was all right enough, and tried to understand it as well as he could.

When the praying was over, then the class leader asked everybody how they felt all round the room, and everybody, one by one, stood up and told how each felt, and then the class leader gave each one of them some good advice.

When he came to where little George was sitting, he said:

"Who is this? Is this a young Samuel come to dedicate himself to the Lord in the days of his youth?"

Little George wondered who had told him that his name was Samuel, and he thought that he had better correct the mistake, so he told the class leader that his name was not Samuel but George.

The class leader gave him also some good advice, and the poor boy felt proud that he was noticed by such a good, fine gentleman, and he hoped that some day he would be a good, fine gentleman too.

After some more singing and praying the meeting came to an end, and the class leader sat by the table in the middle of the room, opened the little book which was called a class book, drew the inkstand with the pen in it towards him, and read the names of the persons present out of the class book. As they answered to their names, each one of them paid a penny—a piece of copper money equal to two cents.

The people who had attended the meeting were soon all gone to their own homes; and the kind mistress put on the kettle to make tea, a meal which the people of the big city have about four o'clock in the afternoon. Little George was permitted to go out of the front door to play a little while, until tea was ready; his kind mistress warning him not to go far away, for fear he could not find his way back again to the house.

We will leave him outside playing, while I talk to you a little about the right way to pray, for I do not wish you to think that the way they prayed in the class meeting is the right way. But we have talked long enough now.

UNCLE GEORGE.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

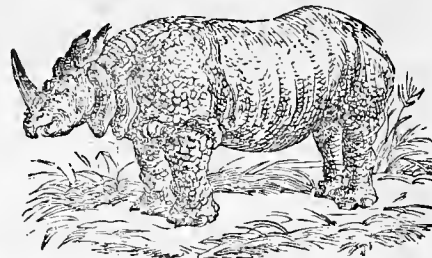
THE RHINOCEROS.

THE Rhinoceros, as our little friends will see by the picture, is a very large, uncouth looking animal. If any thing that the Lord has made can be called ugly, the Rhinoceros is certainly an ugly animal. Look at the coarse knotted skin which lays in plaits or folds on its neck and back. Notice its long overhanging upper lip, its small eye, its ill-shapen ears, its thick, awkward legs. No one could call them handsome. Yet, like all that God has made, the Rhinoceros is created for a wise purpose and has a mission, though that purpose and mission may be unknown to men. And though it may not possess the beauty of the tiger, the antelope, or the horse; nor the sagacity of the elephant, or the dog, still it has doubtless a use and a value in the midst of its native wilds and jungles.

There are two varieties of this animal. The one found in the East Indies having only one horn, the other whose home is in Africa, which

has two. Our illustration represents the one-horned variety.

There are also other slight differences in the appearance of the two species. The



African Rhinoceros is, if any thing, less unsightly than his Asiatic friend; his skin, though rough, not looking so much as though it was armor-plated. The skin in both kinds is very thick, "and so hard on the body and limbs, as to resist either the claws of the lion or the tiger, the sword and shot of the hunter."

Next to the elephant, the Rhinoceros is the most powerful of beasts. In size it is about twelve feet long from the tip of its nose to the beginning of its tail. Its height is about seven feet. Its horn is solid, slightly curved and sharp pointed, growing sometimes to be nearly three feet long. This horn is a most powerful weapon with which, in its desperate battles with the Lion or the elephant, it strives to rip up its antagonist. In these combats the Rhinoceros is often victorious. These battles are described by hunters as being terrible to witness, the enraged animals rooting up and crushing down all that stands in their way in their furious charges on each other, and their bellowing and roaring can be heard for a great distance around. Yet, when not meddled with, the Rhinoceros leads a tranquil, indolent life, its chief pleasure being to wallow in the marshy banks of the lakes and rivers of its native countries. Its ways and habits being much like our well known friend, the hog, in which order of animals naturalists have classed it. G. R.

AFTER a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing by.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully. "That's how."

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not lose a moment in fretting; do not lose a breath in saying "I can't," or "I do not see how;" but go at it, and *keep at it*. Study. That is the only way to conquer it.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Taken from a little work—THE ROCKET—published by the American Tract Society.

HUNTING UP HIS OWN WORK—AN ENTERPRISING QUAKER—WHAT WAS THE RESULT.

THESE wonders across the waters stirred the enterprise of old Massachusetts. Bunker hill monument was then being built, and built of Quincy granite. To make an easier and cheaper transit to the water, the company built a railway from the quarries to the wharf, a distance of three miles, whence the blocks were carried in boats across the harbor to Charlestown. The rails were made of oak and pine, and the cars ran by horses. This was the first railroad in the United States.

The example of the monument-building committee, and the success of the Stockton road, put the Boston people on a new track to get into the country. By the old modes of travel, the Connecticut river valley was very far off. Intercourse with the interior towns cost time and money. Going to Boston was a long and expensive journey. Of course there were not many journeys made, and no more trading than was absolutely necessary. Cheap and easy travelling was the need. Boston wanted what the country produced, and the country wanted what Boston merchants had to sell.

A canal was talked of, and routes surveyed. But nobody was sure it was the best thing, when English newspapers broached railroads. Ah, there it was; the best thing! Two advantages it had over a canal. A canal must only be a skating ground for boys five months in the year, while a railway could be run winter and summer. It was also quicker and pleasanter for passengers. So, as early as 1827, the subject was stirring the minds of business men, and brought before the notice of the legislature. It was a horse railway they were thinking of, and nothing more. It, however, came to nothing.

The first passenger railway in this country, the Baltimore and Ohio, was opened for fifteen miles in 1830, with horse power; and the Mohawk and Hudson, from Albany to Schenectady, sixteen miles, was run with horses in 1831. A few months later the steam-horse, with its iron sinews, drove them off, never to have the right of way again.

THE TWO CITIES TRYING AGAIN—BUGBEARS.

One, two, three years passed by, and the Liverpool and Manchester project started up again. It was not dead, it had only slept; and the three years had almost worn out the patience of both merchants and manufacturers. Trade between the two cities must have speedier and easier transit. Trade is one of the great progressive elements in the world. It goes ahead. It will have the right way, the best, safest, cheapest way of doing its business. Yet it is not selfish, its object is the comfort and well-being of men. To do this, it breaks down many a wall which selfishness has built up. It cuts through prejudices. It rides over a thousand "can't be's" of timid and learned men. For learned men are not always practical. They sometimes say that things cannot be done, when it only needs a little stout trying to overcome difficulties and do them.

A learned man once said crossing the Atlantic by steam was impossible.

"For the good of the race we must have something truer than wind and tougher than sails," said trade. And it was not many years before ships steamed into every port.

"Carriages traveling at twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour! such gross exaggerations of the power of a locomotive we scout—it can never be!" cries a sober quarterly.

"You may scout it as much as you please," rejoins trade, "but

just as soon as people need cheaper, pleasanter, swifter modes of travel, it will be done;" and now the railroad threads the land in its arrowy flight.

"The magnetic Telegraph! a miserable chimera," cries a knowing Senator. "Nobody who does not read outlandish jargon, can understand what a telegraph means."

"You will soon find out," answers trade; and now it buys pork by the hundred barrels, and sells grain by the thousand bushels, while armies march and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are signed at its word, and the telegraph girdles the world.

You see trade is a civilizer, and Christian civilization makes all the difference in the world between Arabs and Englishmen.

Liverpool merchants were now fairly awake. "What is to be done?" was the question. Something. Could there be a third water-line between the two cities? No; there was not water enough for that.

Would the Bridgewater canal increase its power and reduce its charges? No.

A tram-road or railroad, then; there was no other alternative. Mr. James, who was so much interested before, had failed and left the country. When he left he said to his friends, "When you build a road, build a railroad, and get George Stephenson to do it."

(To be Continued.)

A LITTLE BOY MOVES A GREAT SHIP.—We have somewhere read that at an English dockyard a great ship was to be launched: an immense multitude assembled to see it glide down the slides that were to carry it into the water. The blocks and wedges were knocked away, but the massive hull did not stir, and there was disappointment. Just then a little boy ran forward, and began to push the ship with all his might. The crowd broke out into a laugh of ridicule, but it so happened that the vessel was almost ready to move, the few pounds pushed by the lad were only needed to start it, and away it went into the water. This teaches an important lesson to every boy and girl. You often think that the little you can do is of no account. You don't know that. A little word, a kind act, however small, may be, and often is, the turning in one's own history, and often of great importance in its influence upon others. A good deed, or the resistance of a temptation, may start up good thoughts in the mind of a playmate, which may suggest other thoughts and deeds. The train of thought in one's mind is like a train of cars. The little frog or tongue on the track, no larger than your finger at its point, may direct the locomotive upon the right track, or if wrongfully placed, it may turn the engine aside and hurl it down a steep bank to fearful destruction. So the smallest word may start the mind on a right or wrong track. Dear young friends, your little words, little thoughts, and little works are important. Strive earnestly to be right, noble, generous, at all times, in secret and in public. When, in the future, we come to see the great map of human action and influences spread out, it will then be found that you are daily and hourly exerting an influence that is telling upon the characters of your brothers, sisters, playmates, upon your parents, upon all you come in contact with. Give a good push at the ship, do a good deed, no matter how trifling, whenever and wherever you can, and trust to God for the result.—*American Agriculturist.*

A WORD TO THE THOUGHTLESS.—A word unspoken is like the sword in its scabbard, it is thine, but, when spoken, the weapon is in the hand of another, and will be wielded, for or against you. Child, thy future will greatly depend upon this; if thy thoughts are within thine own breast, none have possession of them; but when they are given to another, they are unrecoverable.

Jno. W.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

BROTHER George A. Smith started three days after Brothers Brigham and Heber—on the 21st of September. He left his father, mother, sister and brother sick in a log stable, scarcely one of them able to give another a drink of water. He went on horseback to the Prophet Joseph's. Upon entering the room where his uncle, Joseph Smith, Sen., lay sick, the old gentleman upon seeing him, burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "Who has been robbing the burying yard?" He was determined to go, and his uncle blessed him, and said he should be restored to health, accomplish a great deal of good on his mission and return safely home. Brother John S. Fulmer gave him a horse. Brother Theodore Turley and Reuben Hedlock had a horse and a wagon with which they were going to start. Brother George A. traveled with them. He was too feeble to ride his own horse, so he rode in the wagon, and Hedlock got on his horse. Brother Turley was very sick and lame. He undertook to drive; but he had not driven more than a mile when he tipped the wagon over, and it fell on them both. They lay there, too weak to get up, until Hedlock took the wagon off them, and helped them in again.

On September 18th, 1839, Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball started from the latter's house on their mission to England. The first day they traveled about fourteen miles in a wagon. They stopped at Brother O. M. Duel's. They were very sick and weak, and Sister Duel had to help the boy who drove the team lift their trunks out of the wagon. The next day Brother O. M. Duel took them in his wagon to Lima settlement. When he parted with them, he handed them a silver dollar each. This was the first donation they received. From this place they were carried in a wagon to Father Mikesel's, near Quincy. At this town they stopped a few days. Their health improved, and they held some meetings and preached to the people.

An occurrence happened while they were there, which afforded them considerable amusement. They had procured a meeting house close to that in which a sect called the Congregationalists met. These people's priest did not like the Latter-day Saints, and he wanted to prevent the people from hearing them. So, as soon as the brethren commenced their meeting, he had the bell of his meeting house rung furiously. He hoped by doing this to drown the speaker's voice and break up the meeting. But he and his party were mistaken. John E. Page was preaching at the time, and he had a voice that was strong and loud enough to be heard above the ringing of the bell. Hearing such a clatter, hundreds came to the meeting who would not have been there had the bell not been rung. So the noise made by the priest had an entirely different effect to what he expected.

On the 23rd. and while at Quincy, they were joined by Brother George A. Smith and the brethren who were with him.

From this point he traveled in company with them the most of the way until they reached England.

Leaving Quincy, they traveled by wagon, stopping occasion-

ally with the Saints for a few days to rest and hold meetings, until they arrived at Terre Haute. President Young was so sick part of the time that he could not sit up. A bed was made in the wagon for him, and in this manner he was carried.

At Terre Haute Presidents Young and Kimball put up at Dr. Modisett's. He belonged to the church; but from his description he was not much of a Saint. The other brethren put up at a brother's by the name of Milton Stowe, who lived in one of the doctor's houses. In the evening after their arrival Brother Kimball took sick. The doctor said he could give him something that would help him. He did give him something; he gave him a table spoonful of morphine. He was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. His wife saw him pour it out. She dared not say anything, though she believed it would kill Brother Kimball. And it would have killed him, had he not been a servant of God. He soon afterwards fell his length on the floor. President Young sprang to his assistance, and inquired what the doctor had given him. He was then told it was morphine. Brother Kimball when he recovered enough to speak, told them not to be frightened, for he was not going to die. President Young nursed him through the night. He washed him five times, and changed his under clothing each time. At first he was covered with sweat like thin honey; but toward morning his perspiration became more natural.

God promised his apostles in ancient days that if they who believed were to drink any deadly thing it should not hurt them. It was the power of God that saved Brother Kimball's life at that time. The Lord had promised and he also fulfilled.

Correspondence.

MILL CREEK WARD, January 5th, 1868.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

At an adjourned conference of the church, held at Musquit Creek, Council Bluffs, October 17th, 1848, present Orson Hyde, George A. Smith and E. T. Benson, of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, Oliver Cowdery (one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and he who stood with the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the early history of the church) appeared and was called upon by Brother Hyde to speak.

He arose and made the following remarks:

"Friends and Brethren: My name is Cowdery, Oliver Cowdery. In the early history of this church, I was identified with it, and was one in its councils. True it is, that the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Not because I was better than the rest of mankind was I called. But to fulfil the purposes and the will of God. He called me to a high and holy calling.

"I wrote with my own pen the entire Book of Mormon (save a few pages) as it fell from the lips of the Prophet, as he translated it by the gift and power of God, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, or as they are called by that book, the holy interpreters.

"I beheld with my eyes, and handled with my hands, the gold plates from which it was translated.

"I also beheld the holy interpreters.

That book is true; Sidney Rigdon *did not* write it.

"Mr. Spaulding did not write it.

"I wrote it myself, as it fell from the lips of the Prophet. It contains the everlasting gospel. And it came forth in fulfilment of the revelations of the Apostle John, when he said he saw an angel come with the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, tongue and people.

"Its pages contain the principles of salvation, and if you will walk by its light, and obey its precepts, you will be saved in the everlasting Kingdom of God.

"Brother Hyde has just said, that it was all important that we keep in the true channel, in order that we avoid the sand bars. This is true. The channel is here; the priesthood is here.

"I was present with Joseph when the Aaronic priesthood was restored to earth again, by an holy angel sent down from God, who said at the same time that it should remain upon the earth until the last remnant of time.

"I was also present with Joseph when the higher or Melchisedek priesthood was restored by the holy angels of God; this priesthood is also to remain upon the earth while the earth stands.

"This priesthood we then confirmed upon each other by the will and commandment of God.

"This holy authority we then conferred upon many others. And it is just as good and valid as if God had done it in person.

"I laid my hands upon this man; yes, I laid my right hand upon his head [pointing to Brother Hyde] and I conferred upon him this priesthood. And he holds that priesthood now. He was also called through me, by the prayer of faith, an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ."

These remarks were taken down by myself at the time and their correctness may be relied upon.

REUBEN MILLER.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

Glad we hail each Sabbath morning.

Holy, sacred day of rest;

Let no toil nor idle pleasure

Have a care within our breast.

Holy Sabbath;

Sacred day of rest to man.

Lord, Thy children here assemble;

In the Sabbath school we've met;

Here to learn and be instructed,

That we may our lives perfect.

Let Thy Spirit

Guide our hearts while here on earth.

May we seek to love each other—

Cease from strife, that peace may rule

In our homes and all our meetings,

Whether in or out of school.

Love and union

Always should our motto be.

Let thy Spirit shine with others

Who our school do not attend;

May they learn to love the Sabbath,

And thy cause in life defend.

To Thy honor,

May their days be spent to Thee.

Bless our teachers, Lord we pray Thee,

In their labors for our good;

Give them wisdom, choicest blessings;

May they all thy favors prove.

Heavenly riches;

Gold is dross compared to these.

B. LANG.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CATECHISM

ON THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS.

1. From whom have the American Indians descended?
2. Was he a good man and a Prophet?
3. In what city did he live?
4. What is that country called which contains Jerusalem?
5. What name was it known by in the days of Lehi?
6. Who was king of Jerusalem and Judea at this time?
7. Was he a good or a wicked king?
8. What was the general character of the Jews at this time?
9. Did Lehi leave Jerusalem?
10. Who told him to do so?
11. In what manner did the Lord first appear and speak to Lehi?
12. Did he see angels afterwards?
13. Was he told that Jerusalem should be destroyed?
14. For what reason?
15. How many sons had Lehi at this time?
16. Were they all good?

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 5, 8, 7, 8, 3, 4, 8, is a country in which the Savior often journeyed.

My 9, 6, 8, 3, 1, 2, is much used by laundresses.

My 4, 3, 4, 5, is a name for the rainbow.

My whole is a time of festivity with all Christians.

The answer to the Charade in No. 23 of the last volume is CONTENTMENT. C. Denny, Susie A. Young, W. J. Lewis, W. E. Gooch and D. G. sent us correct answers.

WASHINGTON is the answer to the Charade in No. 24, which was answered by L. Deuel, E. De la Mere, H. Brewer, C. Denny, L. Fowler, jr., Susie A. Young, W. J. Stevens, B. McMullen, E. Laney, L. Fuller, M. Dailey, H. E. Fuller, M. E. Dailey and S. D. Adams.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup,
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

BAD HABITS, though small, if persevered in, frequently attain the dignity of crimes.

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